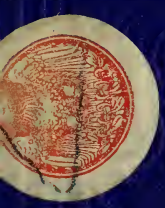

WAYSIDE VERSES

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By

A. M. HASWELL

1910

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ONLY some wayside flowers
Found along a dusty road;
Or forest leaflets, from some dell
Where shady waters flowed;
A daisy or a violet,
By unskilled hand bestowed.

THE CREED OF HOPE.

The world is growing better every day;
Though crime, and greed, and cruelty strike hands
To forge fresh chains, to bind the weary lands;
The sun ne'er sinks, but that his setting ray
Gilds some new-broken fetter freshly thrown away.

The waves of reformation ebb and fill;
And earnest watchers for a rising tide
Grow sick at heart, and deem their hope denied;
But soon, and sure, the wave returning will
Thunder exultantly: "God's tide is rising still."

The darkness is the herald of the light;
And gathers blackness just before it flies
In full retreat, adown the radiant skies;
And evil still, but serves to prove the might,
And certain victory of God's eternal right.

The cross of Christ leads onward to the fray;
Nor trail His banners ever in defeat;
Nor shall His trumpets ever sound retreat.
And they who follow where He leads the way,
In His own might shall win the glorious day.

AS UNTO HIM.

Could we but charge the heavenly heights,
  Or storm the gates of pearl,
And from the jasper battlements
  Victorious flags unfurl,
Full many a volunteer then,
  Would hasten to the fray
Who scorns to seek the pearly gates
  Along the narrow way.

For all too strait that gate is found
For him whose load is self;
And all too narrow is the way
To stoop for gain or pelf.
And he who fain would enter there,
Or walk that narrow road,
Must ever live with thoughtful hands
To others' help bestowed.

Full swiftly then his feet shall pass
The path his Leader trod;
Abundant then his entrance be,
Into the realm of God.
For when his willing shoulders bend
Beneath another's cares,
He bears the load with strength renewed
By others' grateful prayers.

And evermore this truth endures,
Eternal as God's throne,
That he who feels another's woes
Is lightened of his own.
And when the day of rest shall dawn,
The King's own words shall be:
"Lo, while ye did it unto these,
Ye did it unto Me!"

HOME-COMING.

When life's hours of toil are ended,
And my day draws to a close;
When the bells of evening chiming,
Call me to my long repose;
Eagerly my feet shall hasten,
And my eyes shall look to see,
Standing close by heaven's portals,
Loved ones, waiting there for me.

They who long, from that far country,
Watched me as I faltered on,
In earth's weary round of labor,
Strength and courage almost gone;
When they see me drop life's burdens,
And to heaven's refuge flee,
Swift will gather round the portals,
Loved ones waiting there for me.

And, when on their silver hinges
Wide the gates of pearl shall swing,
And, by grace of Him who loved me,
I am suffered to come in;
First of heaven's joys to greet me
In that joyful hour shall be,
As I pass those shining portals,
Loved ones, waiting there for me.

Then the cords which earth's rude conflict
Here had broken, shall be joined;
And beyond death's gloomy kingdom,
Still more strongly shall be twined.
Ah, my heart, fail not thy singing,
Though the way may weary be,
Soon my joyful eyes shall see them,
Loved ones, waiting there for me.

THE OLD GRAVE YARD.

The old trees guard the quiet place, and whisper to
the air
A gentle benediction for those who slumber there.
The wild birds rear their nestlings, the seasons come
and go;
Nor toil nor care disturb the peace of those who rest
below.

The rude moss-covered headstones bear names forgot
for years;
But each low mound has known the rain of sorrow's
sacred tears.
Some heart has throbbed in loneliness; some soul
stood dumb with grief;
Some weeping eye looked blindly up to Heaven for
relief.

Here lies the patriarch, rich in years; yonder the
maiden's charms;
There sleeps the fair young mother, with her babe
within her arms;
Beneath that stone lies stalwart strength, stricken at
manhood's noon;
While laughing childhood entered here, the night
come all too soon.

Oh, you who left your dearest here, and wandered
forth alone,
When you laid life's weary burden down, did death
give back your own?
When the desert path was ended, and you stayed
your tired feet,
In that far land you journeyed to, was the broken
chain complete?

But the old trees only whisper, and we hear the care-
less birds;
And there comes no spirit voice to us, to make reply
in words;
Till our longing hearts make answer, and we know
the promise sure,
That He who taught our hearts to love, will bid that
love endure.

WHITTIER.

In those dark days, whose mem'ry seems
The haunting shades of evil dreams;
When press and bar lent eager hands
To forge and fasten Slavery's bands;
When statesmen, seeking power and place
Shared in the spoil, and the disgrace;
And pulpits, with assertion strong,
Preached the divinity of wrong!
In those dark days a minstrel spoke
Brave words that flashed like lightning stroke;
Hurled on the citadel of wrong
The hot invective of his song;
And called heaven's fires to fall and light
Men's hearts to struggle for the right.

'Twas thy brave note, O Quaker bard,
That soared so high its music stirred
The throne of slavery, and the ranks
Of bondmen heard, and gave God thanks.

And when the war cloud burst at last,
When every hope of peace was past,
And North and South made end of words
For the stern argument of swords;
Again, above the battle roar,
Thy song rose clearer than before;
Called us to pass through Red Sea wave,
And sang the power of right to save;
Sang, till each man in all our host
Caught the refrain, and at his post
Deemed that he heard divine command,
To purge the evil from the land.

And when the storm of blood was done,
The nation saved and freedom won,
Thy songs of peace and brotherhood
Subdued wild passion, cheered the good;
Paid honest tribute to the brave,
And hid with flowers the foeman's grave.

* * * * * *

The minstrel's voice on earth is still;
But, as the echo strikes the hill
And wanders forth o'er plain and vale,
The soul of music on the gale;
So rings his clarion note today,
Calling us to the righteous fray;
Bidding us take his earnest stand
Against the evils of the land.
He bids us work and never doubt
The right shall put the wrong to rout;
That through the land, from sea to sea,
God leads our hosts to victory.

And as great Lincoln's burdened heart
Was strengthened for his mighty part;
His hand made strong to smite the wrong,
Cheered by the Quaker poet's song;
So in the evils of our day
He points us to the patriot way;
To prove our purpose by our deeds,

And not by thumb-worn party creeds;
To cheer on those whose aims are right,
And join them in their gallant fight.
Grand men, not to be bought and sold
By unjust gain or tainted gold;
Whose judgment will not turn aside
For stolen fortune's pampered pride;
These, whatsoe'er their party name,
Strike hands with these, and let the flame
Of righteous battle quench the blush of shame.

VIA CRUSIS.

All nature shows one constant law,
  Unchanging with the years,
That life's best gifts forever come
  Through suffering, toil and tears.

The rocks, till crushed, keep darkly hid
The grains of precious gold;
The flowers, until their leaves are bruised,
Their choicest fragrance hold.

The oaks grow not to sturdy strength
Till Winter's fierce blast shakes them;
And sweetest chords are ever still
Until some rude touch wakes them.

E'en Christ the Lord, whose love has brought
Heaven's richest blessing down,
Endured the thorns, the scourge, the cross,
Before He wore the crown.

The bitter frost, the drifting snow,
The beating hail and rain,
Bring bud and bloom, and ripening fruit,
And fields of golden grain.

And every earnest soul is taught
To know, through stress and storm,
The clouds are but the background
Where God's bows of promise form.

LIFE.

Life is not measured by the length of days,
Or by the joy or pain it brings to each;
It is not reckoned in the voice of praise,
Or in the venom of a hateful speech.

Life is not weighed in balances of gold;
Houses and land are not its final test;
Not he whose name by common fame extolled,
May measure up life's meaning at its best.

But he, however lowly be his lot,
Who strives to help his brother in his need;
Whose own great load of sorrow is forgot
That he may lift his brother's, lives indeed.

And whether creed and form are his or no,
He treads the path the dear Redeemer trod;
And howsoe'er the storms of time may blow,
That soul serene, walks hand in hand with God.

SOMETIME.

There's a land just ahead in life's journey,
A place where the shadows ne'er fall,
And the glorious gold of the sunlight
Is gleaming forever for all.

This wonderland just on before us,
This place of the heavenly clime,
Is the hope in each heart fondly cherished,
Its oft-spoken name is "Sometime."

Sometime, our hopes will not fail us;
Sometime, the sighing will cease;
Sometime, the angel will call us
Home to the mansions of peace.

Hearts that are heavy with sorrow,
Souls that look forward with dread
Into the darkness before you,
Into the shadows ahead;

Know that just out of your vision,
Nearer than ever before,
Lieth the land of God's sometime,
Rest bideth there evermore.

A PRAYER FOR THE TIMES.

Oh God for men to lead, not for mere selfish gain;
But first in generous, knightly deed.
To help their brother in his need,
Or break the bondman's chain.
Oh God for men to write, more than high sounding phrase;
Brave words, that blaze with living light,
To pierce the selfish clouds of night,
And call to better days.

Oh God for men to sing, not simply tinkling rhymes,
But earnest songs, whose tones shall ring
With heaven's own notes, and swiftly bring
Thy power to mould the times.

Oh God for men to preach, not empty creed and form,
But Godlike words, whose power shall reach
Poor souls in need, and prove to each
Thy anchor in the storm.

Oh God for faith to know, powers, words, and men
are Thine;
The shuttles which thy hand doth throw
In ceaseless action to and fro,
Until the finished fabric show,
Complete, Thy own design.

THE ISLANDS OF THE BLEST.

Somewhere, somewhere, those islands fair
Sleep on the sapphire seas,
All decked with flowers, and plumed with palms,
And fanned by perfumed breeze.

To reach those strands of silver sands,
We trim our eager sail,
And guide our ships across the sea
Through calm, and tide, and gale.

Sometimes they rise into the skies,
Those islands of our dreams,
With mountain peak, and valleys deep,
And laughing crystal streams.

But while we haste from ocean waste,
To gain the sheltering bay,
We waken on the cold gray sea,
The vision fades away.

Again it seems that in our dreams
Our toilsome voyage ends,
We walk the paths of perfect bliss,
With those, our long lost friends.

Fair bud and bloom shed rare perfume,
But as the fruit we grasp,
The flowers wither, and our hands
Hold ashes in their clasp.

* * * * * *

Away with dreams, for life but seems
A dream to those who sleep;
Awake, and urge your vessel on,
Nor drift upon the deep.

For they who live are they who give
Their best to others' need;
And as they give, those islands fair
They reach in very deed.

A SONG OF HOPE.

Say you not with doleful visage
That the world is growing worse;
That the life the good God giveth
Is a long enduring curse;
For the sunshine, and the harvest,
Blooming flowers, and gentle breeze,
Are sweet nature's hourly answers
To such faithless thoughts as these.

Tell us not in weary accents
Men are sinning worse today,
Than they were far back in history,
In the old world's morning way.
For a myriad hands are reaching
To uplift the fallen ones;
And the wretched, and the naked,
Christ has called His Father's sons.

Tell us not that wrong shall conquer;
Tell us not that evil wins;
For defeat in one small battle
Means that victory begins.
For God's arm is still almighty,
And His power is still above,
And the banner floating o'er us
Is the ensign of His love.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

Words that are written or spoken
Are but the breeze on the sea;
The surface may move, but unbroken
The heart of the deep will be.

Words cheer our sunnier hours;
Deeds are our strength in the storm.
Words are the perfume of flowers;
Deeds are the oak's blast braving form.

And when we have finished our task,
And each shall be judged of his life,
Then not of our words will Christ ask,
But of our deeds in the strife.

Not of the words we have spoken,
Not of the praise we have won,
Not of hopes blighted and broken,
But of the deeds we have done.

HYMN FOR LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE

OF FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Again, oh God, our hands would raise
An earthly temple to Thy praise.
Take it, and make it all Thine own,
Thy peoples' prayer in wood and stone.

From corner stone to lofty spire,
Fill it with love and high desire.
Make it a shrine, where by thy grace
Men meet their Father face to face.

Here may we help in other lives;
Here aid our brother as he strives;
Here reach our hands to human needs,
And build Thy temple with our deeds.

And as the swift years come and go,
Grant us, dear Lord, that all may know
This house the home of peace and love,
The open door to that above.

GEOLOGY.

The rocky tablets of the law,
  Upon whose stony pages
The hand of God Himself has carved
  The history of the ages.

AN EASTER PRAYER.

The south wind blows, the wild birds trill
Their music sweet and clear;
All nature sings with grateful note
The Easter of the year.
So bring, we pray, our Spring today;
Give peace instead of strife;
And crown with Thine own Easter day
The Winter of our life.

Upon our helpless heads have smote
The snow, the hail, the rain;
Our feet have trod a rocky path
In weariness and pain;
Give now, we plead, help to our need,
Give now our hearts to sing;
And crown our years of bitterness
With sunlight of the Spring.

VIA DOLOROSA.

My life is but a shallop cast
  Upon a shoreless sea;
Nor oar or rudder, sail or mast
  The years have left to me.
I know not whence my voyage came,
  I know not where it goes;
The sport of every treacherous tide,
  And evil wind that blows.

Fair islands rise above the sea,
  With palms and fruit and flowers;
But helpless I to reach their shores,
  Striving with weakened powers.
While other craft, more fortunate,
  Reach those sweet isles each day,
With aching heart and maddened brain,
  I see them fade away.

The very faith my fathers loved,
And leaned upon through life,
False hands reach out to rob me of,
All helpless in the strife.
Oh if there be a God of love,
If any helping hand,
Take now my beaten, storm-tossed craft,
And bring it safe to land.

* * * * * *

Thus grim Despair sat by my side
In the dark dead of night,
And whispered: "Vainly have you tried,
Give up the useless fight."
Then lo, I heard a thrilling note,
Sweet as an angel song;
Down through the night it seemed to float,
Full-voiced, serene and strong.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Oh Whittier, poet of God's love,
I bless thee for thy cheer;
His sheltering wing is still above;
His help is ever near.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

Dying, yes dying, dying fast,
And the swift moments flying past
Leave only time to say "Good-bye,"
Before the dear old year shall die.

Laden with joys and griefs he came;
Joys to elate and griefs to tame
The souls that now stand looking back,
Upon his swiftly fading track.

Old friend, farewell; tears dim our eyes;
Back on thy path fond memory flies,
Striving blest moments to recall;
Alas, they too lie 'neath thy pall.

Dying, yes dying, dying—dead!
The old year's struggling breath has fled;
And on the night air, loud and clear,
The bells ring in the glad new year.

Cherished the old, and ne'er forgot,
Yet pressing on and doubting not
That in thy path comes joy and cheer,
We bid thee welcome, glad new year.

And when thy days of life are fled,
And thou art dying, dying, dead,
Be ours to say, while tolls thy knell,
We strove to spend thy moments well.

SUNSET.

The summer day is closing,
And the chambers of the west
Are opening in splendor
For the sun to take his rest.
Every rainbow hue is drifting
On the drowsy evening air,
And the clouds in glowing masses
Shine like burnished mountains there.

Like the scene the loved disciple
Saw from Patmos' rocky height,
When the city of the blessed
Shone upon his ravished sight;
Streets of gold and walls of jasper;
Gates of pearl, wide open flung;
Streams, and palms, and thrones of glory,
Golden bells by angels swung.

Crystal waters gently flowing,
Fed by heaven's eternal springs;
Golden rays of brightest sunlight
Flashed afar from seraphs' wings.
Fairest flowers of life, transplanted
Never more to droop or fade;
Garden that the great Creator
For His own abode has made.

Thus the sun sinks to his slumbers,
And the clouds about him fold;
And the hills glow like a picture,
Framed in amethyst and gold.
So the transient glories darken,
And the evening stars grow bright,
And the moon with torch of silver
Lights the pathway of the night.

* * * * * *

Soon on us earth-weary pilgrims
Will the hand of rest be laid;
At those gates our feet shall enter,
And the glory shall not fade.
What although the day be stormy,
Soon the eventide will come,
And life's sunset portals swinging
Bid us joyful welcome home.

MIDNIGHT.

The old world sleeps; the night wind sighs;
On seas of pearly light,
The starry navies of the skies
Float down the peaceful night.

Low hanging in the misty west
The waning moon shows dim;
Crooning the weary world to rest,
The night bird chants his hymn.

Against the sky the woods loom black,
The watch dog bays afar;
In broken rays the stream gives back
The light from moon and star.

So sleeps the world the sleep that brings
Strength for another day;
While gentle slumber's dusky wings
Bear weariness away.

SUNRISE.

It is the hour before the dawn,
The darkest of the night;
The stars, like gems on velvet set,
Still blaze with undimmed light.
The dew-damp wind steals softly by,
Laden with breath of flowers;
And Silence, with her sister Rest,
Hallows the morning hours.

The greenwood aisles stretch dark and dim;
The soft night breezes sigh;
Like ghostly arms the branches wave
Against the darkened sky.
As sounds the voice of weeping
Beside the cherished dead,
So sob the woods a requiem
Over sweet daylight fled.

But listen! From some wind-swung bough
A single bird-note falls;
An instant, from the valley's depth,
An answering echo calls;
A thousand voices join the song,
Till all the dim woods ring
With the glad welcome to the day
The forest songsters sing.

Out from the East broad bands of light
Swift toward the zenith rush;
The stars grow dim, and night's dark cheek
Glows bright with rosy blush.
The clouds that lie upon the hills
Like curtains are uprolled,
And drape the open doors of morn
In daffodil and gold.

And now the sun himself comes forth;
The gray mists melt away,
Each forest nook is glorified,
And night is changed to day.
The plovers pipe their morning song
From meadows fresh and green;
And mocking birds and thrushes trill
Sweet interludes between.

* * * * * *

There never was a night so long
But that the morning came,
To set the leaden skies aglow
With finger tips of flame.
And though the night fills all the wood,
God's song birds nestle there,
Until the morning bids them wake
To sing His love and care.

And never was a human soul
Of comfort so bereft,
But facing fate with dauntless eye
Would find some comfort left.
Some word, some thought, some kindly hand,
To bid the hope renew;
God never sent a hopeless life
To honest heart and true.

THE RAIN STORM.

All day the scorching summer sun
Has poured his hottest rays;
And all the voices of the woods
Have hushed beneath the blaze.
From dewless dawn to breathless noon,
From noon to sultry night,
All day each living thing has quailed
Beneath the burning light.

Till up the shadowed valley's length
The sunset glories fade;
And twilight's gentle hush of rest
Steals down each forest glade.
White clouds pile high above the hills,
Bright with the sunset glow,
In tower, and wall, and parapet,
Heaven's battlements of snow.

The daylight dies among the clouds,
And as the shadows fall,
They gather until hill and vale
Lie dark beneath the pall.
And now across their blackening front
The forked lightnings play,
Leading with heaven's own torch of flame
The storm king on his way.

Loud back and forth among the hills
The echoing thunders roar;
With voice like fiercest ocean waves
Upon a rocky shore;
Before the cloud the wind whirls by
With short, uncertain breath;
Then on the waiting world there falls
A hush like that of death.

Now the great drops upon the leaves
In scattered plashes beat,
As if the fairies of the wood
Fled by with hasty feet.
And now the trumpet of the wind,
The thunder's mighty roar,
Is drowned beneath the rushing flood
As down the waters pour.

Quickly 'tis o'er; the storm is gone
With never staying feet;
Far down the valley's distance sounds
Its music of retreat;
The moon shines out; the raindrops hang
Upon the quivering grass,
And flash like jewels in the light,
As the night breezes pass.

The stream sings on upon its way,
Content in all its notes;
The crickets trill; the night bird's song
Upon the still air floats;
The corn blades rustle cheerily,
The chirping insects call,
And rest and peace and slumber lay
Their gentle touch on all.

OCTOBER ON THE JAMES.

The autumn breezes softly blow;
The laughing waters gaily flow;
The willow branches sweeping low
Just kiss the river.
The mellow sunlight chastened shines,
Through bending boughs and tangled vines;
Their shadows mark fantastic lines
Upon the river.

The dead leaves from the oak tree's crown,
Through early frosts turned sere and brown,
Like fairy boats, go drifting down
The shining river.
The fleecy clouds float by on high,
Across the blue vault of the sky;
Like snow their forms reflected lie
Deep in the river.

Where harvests waved their golden freight,
The quail pipes softly to his mate,
And leads his brood in mimic state,
Beside the river.
The squirrel chatters from the oak;
The crows in gutt'ral chorus croak;
The bluff gives back the axe-man's stroke,
Across the river.

And now the day begins to fade
From sun-lit hill and forest glade,
And twilight's gentle hand is laid
On wood and river.
The evening stars grow softly bright;
The waters answer back their light;
The current darkly flows, and night
Is on the river.

THE SONG OF WATER.

In a myriad crystal fountains,
Gushing forth from rocky hills;
In the sparkling of the brooklet;
In ten thousand laughing rills;
Through the wildwood, or the meadow,
Tripping on with dainty feet;
Pausing where the willows kiss me
Into ripples when we meet.

Countless ranks, with banners drooping,
Stands the sad drouth-smitten corn,
Till I come, and lo the music
Of their whispered thanks wind-borne.
Famine turns and flees before me,
And the fields of waving grain
Catch the step, and march to harvest
To the music of the rain.

Gathered in the land-locked harbor,
With the waves all hushed to rest,
All the argosies of commerce
Float upon my mighty breast.
Coming in the darkened night time,
Tapping on the window pane,
I sing the children's lullaby
In soft pattering of rain.

Till like prodigal returning
At a loving Father's call,
Where the white-capped waves are swaying
In old ocean's arms I fall;
Feel his mighty clasp around me;
Feel the throbbing of his breast;
Cease awhile my urgent journey
In his close embrace to rest.

Then upmounting on a sunbeam,
Free from every earthly stain,
Pure as first I came from heaven,
Back to heaven I soar again.
Form once more the storm king's chariot;
Paint once more the rainbow's arch;
Fall again upon the mountains,
Take again my ceaseless march.

From creation's dawn forever,
  Till the final trumpet sounds,
In a vast unending circuit
  Thus I keep my mighty rounds;
Thus I do my Master's bidding,
  And the myriad sons of men
Only live because I follow
  Thus my path, and thus again.

VIRGIN BLUFF.

The old gray bluff with cedar wreathed,
  And plumed with oak and pine,
And decked with myriad wind-swung bells
  Of dainty columbine;
With forehead bare is greeting
  The laughing days of Spring;
And violets bloom, and leaves unfold,
  And happy wild birds sing.

The old gray bluff looks outward
  Where wheat fields roll their gold;
Where rank on rank, in serried lines
  The corn's green flags unfold.
The wood birds train their nestlings,
  The summer breezes blow,
And in their shrunken channel
  The river's waters flow.

The old gray bluff looks outward,
  The harvest field is bare;
The ripened corn is gathered;
  A chill is in the air.
The farmer drives the furrow deep,
  And sows the seed again;
And Autumn's peace and restfulness
  Broods all the fertile plain.

The old gray bluff meets gallantly
The beating wintry storm;
The hail and snow smite vainly
Against that rocky form;
The cedar wreaths, and gallant pines
Still wave their banners green;
And the old gray bluff keeps watch and ward
Above the wintry scene.

THE RED BIRD.

From the old elm's topmost twig
The red bird greets the day.
Little cares he for wintry blast,
Little for ice and snow;
But tunes his pipe, and gaily sings,
Listen and hear him,
Though clouds drift low,
And cold winds blow:
"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."

Brave little knight of the woods,
Happy where others despair;
Caring not that his alone
Is the single voice that flings
Its tuneful challenge, far and wide
Through all the frosty air;
He flutters his wings,
And dauntlessly sings:
"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."

Till Spring comes back from the South,
And wild flowers gem the sod;
Then again his glad song rings;
Through the green woods hear it float,
Sending on high his psalm of praise
Up to the loving God;
As with swelling throat
Trills again his note:
"Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily."

THE RAINY DAY.

All day long the rain drops
  Pattered on the leaves;
All day long the water fell
  Dripping from the eaves.
All the clouds were weeping,
  And the wind's low moan
Had a hollow echo
  Like a dying groan.

Little streams, born of the rain,
  Shallow channels wore;
Rivers swollen to a flood,
  Rolled with muffled roar;
Still the rain drops falling,
  Seemed like nature's tears
Doing weary penance
  For the sins of years.

Children, weary of the house,
Looked with longing eyes
For some ray of light to break
Through the leaden skies;
Still the rain descended,
Still the clouds hung low,
And the sad wind's music
Ceased not in its flow.

Then as day was dying,
Lo, a change did show,
And the western hill tops
Brightened in the glow;
While the storm swept onward
In its mighty march,
And across the valley
Sprang the rainbow's arch.

For a rift broke through the clouds,
And instant through the space,
Poured a flood of golden light,
Brightening every face;
Turning into laughter
What but now was sad;
Leaving in its pathway
Everything made glad.

How the glad birds twitter,
Glancing through the leaves;
How the rain drops glitter
Hanging on the eaves;
How the wind, grown weary
With its long sad sighing,
Over hill and plain and dale,
Winged with joy is flying.

Soon the gray clouds kindle
Into hills of gold;
And the stars of evening
One by one unfold.
Then the twilight deepens,
And the wild winds cease,
And the velvet darkness
Spreads its wings of peace.

THE OZARK HILLS.

The hills are glorious in the robes
That queenly Autumn leaves;
Rich robes of royal purple,
Rare crowns of painted leaves.

The streams sing softly onward,
Swift curving to and fro;
In pool and sparkling shallows,
Sunlight and shade they flow.

The old gray bluffs stand sentinel,
And in their sheltering arms,
Hold the winding sun-lit valley
And the little mountain farms.

The wheat is gathered in the stack;
The corn gleams yellow gold;
The cattle in the pastures rest;
The sheep are in the fold.

The smoke curves gently upward
From chimneys here and there;
From distant hill the hunter's horn
Makes music rich and rare.

From toil and care and weariness,
Nature finds sweet surcease;
And the gentle touch of Autumn broods
The Ozark hills of peace.

OURS.

Three of them men among men, each doing a strong
man's part;
Stalwart in body and mind, clean in both hand and
heart.
What if the day declines; what if the storm cloud
lowers?
Lo we are rich, we can say: "They are ours."

Dear rose of life's summer bloom; true mint of our
heart's best gold;
No word or deed in all her life our love would leave
untold.
Clearing the thorns from our path, leaving us only
the flowers;
Lo we are rich, we can say: "She is ours."

Three little mounds side by side, green with the turf
of the years;
There where we laid them away, blind with the rain
of our tears;
These grow not old, and for them come not sorrow or
failing powers;
Always as when in our arms, "They are ours."

SWEETHEARTS EVERMORE.

Dear are the memories of that Autumn day,
When the love light lit her eyes as she heard him say:
"I am yours, and you are mine! ne'er such love
before;"
Sweethearts then, sweethearts now, sweethearts
evermore.

Swift sped the fleeting years, bringing toil and care;
Love but made it added joy care and toil to share.

Children sent to crown their lives, played around the door;
Sweethearts then, sweethearts now, sweethearts evermore.

On their heads the frosts of time turn their locks to snow,
But their hearts sing as they did that dear long ago;
Sing, and lo the song is sweet as it was of yore;
Sweethearts then, sweethearts now, sweethearts evermore.

So the sun sinks slowly down; soon shall come the call
To that land upon whose heights shadows never fall.
Even when their joyful feet press that restful shore,
Sweethearts then, sweethearts now, sweethearts evermore.

BROWN EYES.

Oh true brown eyes, as calm and deep
As mountain lakes where lilies sleep;
With sunbeams flitting to and fro,
Lighting the crystal depths below.

Oh brave brown eyes; through all the years
When lit with joy, or dimmed with tears,
Still calmly faced or good or ill,
And glowed with faith and courage still.

Oh leal brown eyes; above them now
Time's snowflakes gather on her brow;
But still they shine, as calm and deep
As mountain lakes where lilies sleep.

Oh dear brown eyes, as clear and true
As when life's morning skies were blue;
And still love's sunbeams to and fro,
Light up the crystal depths below.

MAGDALENE.

Fold the pale hands and let her sleep,
The treacherous sea of life is past;
Storm beaten, passion torn, poor soul
She finds a resting place at last.

And blame her not, perchance love's mask
Was worn to tempt her to her fall;
Ah God! that life's supremest cup
Turns sometimes into bitterest gall.

Nay, blame her not, and stay the hand
Ready to cast condemning stone;
Her fault was great, but art thou not
Oh man, full burdened with thine own?

So let her sleep, for lo her sin
Has robbed her of her very name,
And every mourner round her bier
Is of the sisterhood of shame.

Perchance some rose-hung cottage hides
A mother pleading for her child;
And praying for her swift return
From desert wanderings far and wild.

Perhaps in answer to that prayer,
When life's last sands were slipping fast,
She grasped a loving hand reached down
And found her Father's house at last.

Mayhap her dying hand has reached
And touched the Master's garment hem,
And He has answered, knowing all,
"Neither do I condemn."

A CHRISTMAS MOTTO.

Holly for joy of Him whose love enfolds us evermore;
Ivy for tender memories of dear ones gone before;
And morning glories for the dawn rising from heaven's shore.

THE NATION'S SAVIORS.

Delivered on Decoration Day at the National Cemetery, Springfield, Missouri, 1904.

Ranged in their silent columns the Nation's saviors lie;
No bugle sounds to wake them, no hostile step is nigh;
But gentle hands above them Spring's choicest blossoms strew;
Sweet flowers whose petals glisten, but not with beads of dew;
More precious far, brave dead they are
Love's tear drops shed for you.

Rest in your dreamless slumbers; above your quiet graves
The dear old flag you died to save, in benediction waves;
No taint of slavery dims the blue; the stripes no tarnish show;

The stars shine brighter than they did in days of long ago;
The blood you spilt, has touched its guilt,
And left it white as snow.

On many a Southern hillside, unmarked by slab or stone,
Lie thousands of our bravest, in lonely graves unknown;
Oh, brothers! though around you our wreaths we may not spread;
Though stranger feet above you with careless step may tread;
Our tears we give, and while deeds live
You never can be dead.

And you, their brothers gathered here, we honor you today;
Their faithful comrades, tried and true in many a gallant fray;

And as you freely ventured then war's perils great
and small,
We weave love's garlands for you now, and crown
you victors all,
As years increase, God send you peace,
Till heaven's bugles call.

* * * * * *

The old time wounds are healed at last, and far o'er
land and sea,
The old flag speaks as ne'er before, God's word of
liberty.
Beneath that flag your foemen's sons, and yours,
march side by side,
And never more shall strife or hate their loyal ranks
divide;
And the land you gave your blood to save,
Forever shall abide.

OUR BOYS.

Whether they wore the Union blue
In the deadly civil fray,
Or gave their lives in the grand old fight
When the Nation was born in a day;
Wherever they wait the angel's trump,
To time's remotest hours,
They are bone of our bone, our loved and our own,
Our boys, eternally ours.

Whether the palms of far Luzon
Whisper above their graves;
Or their ceaseless requiem is sung
By the sunny Cuban waves;
Wherever they wait the reveille,
However the future lowers;
We will never forget, we will claim them yet,
Our boys, eternally ours.

Whether they pillow weary heads,
On the homeland's faithful breast;
Or in unknown caves of the stormy deep
They have laid them down to rest;
Wherever they sleep, on land or sea,
Desert or shady bowers,
While the old flag waves, we will garland their graves,
Our boys, eternally ours.

And who shall say these have died in vain?
Ah, traitors and faint of heart!
Poor curs that snarl at heroic deeds
Where they dare not take a part.
It is God-like to give up life for right;
Richest of human dowers;
And to all earth's days, they have won our praise;
Our boys, eternally ours.

Wither the hand that seeks to pluck
One leaf from their laurels won;
Palsy the tongue that lisps a word
To dim the deeds they have done;
For we swear by the flag for which they died,
And all its God-given powers,
We will guard their fame, we will cherish each name,
Our boys, eternally ours.

TOGETHER.

Let us weave them garlands together,
Cypress, and laurel, and bay;
Our heroes they were who wore the blue,
Our heroes who wore the gray.
Each counted not his own life dear,
Each defied death and pain;
And whether the cause was won or lost
The sacrifice was not vain.

Let us cherish their fame together;
For each to his faith was true;
Whether he wore the Southern gray,
Or fought in the Union blue.
They have pitched their tents forever
Where no hostile foot has trod;
They have formed their gallant ranks anew
In the marshalled hosts of God.

Let their comrades stand together here;
The last spark of enmity died
When their sons followed Wheeler and Roosevelt,
At San Juan side by side.
How should the hearts of the fathers hate
Since that glorious morn in May,
When their boys stood shoulder to shoulder
By the guns in Manila bay!

So we weave them garlands together,
Cypress, and laurel, and bay;
Our heroes they were who wore the blue,
Our heroes who wore the gray.
And long as the tides of time shall roll,
Or the flag of the Union wave,
We will give them our love together,
Together will laurel each grave.

THE CANNON ON DRURY COLLEGE CAMPUS.

Old gun, your lips are silent and no more
Proclaim a firey gospel as of yore;
No more you hurl defiance at the foe,
No more the tides of battle round you flow;
Above you bend the gently whispering trees;
You catch the music of the evening breeze;
The squirrels romp around you in their play;
The careless robin trills his roundelay.

You hear soft laughter, and the college song
Of young hearts free from care, flows sweet and strong.
You heed not these, but listening, wait to hear
The fierce war bugles singing loud and clear;
Watch for the charging ranks of blue and gray,
And long again to join the gallant fray,
To hear again the thrilling battle yell,
And hurl once more the deadly shot and shell.

Vainly you listen; on the quiet air
There falls no battle shout, no trumpet blare;
Silent you rest upon your rocky throne;
Of all your iron brotherhood you linger here alone.

Speak up and tell your history, old gun;
Speak, was the cause you fought for lost or won?
When the strife ended was the victory sweet,

Or was your banner trailing in defeat?
When the brave boys who loved you, lay around
In war's grim harvest of the battle ground,
Were dying eyes lit with the victor's light,
Or did they close upon a losing fight?

You answer not old gun, but well we know
Whichever cause you fought for long ago,
That cause was sacred, sealed with earnest blood
Poured on Faith's altar in unstinted flood;
And as the swift years lengthen in their flow
We reck not whether these were friend or foe.
For lo, their flags are woven into one,
And each receives his country's meed "well done!"
Beneath that flag their sons march side by side;
Best pledge and proof that nothing can divide
The land for which their fathers fought, and countless thousands died.

THE BATTLE OF WILSON CREEK.

That day the sultry August sun
Shone down on bloody battle done;
Shone dim through clouds of sulphurous smoke,
Where shot, and thrust, and saber stroke,
Sent hundreds to that long repose
Whose rest knows not of friends or foes.
Shriek of the wounded, curse and prayer,
Loaded the throbbing summer air;
And over din of shot and shell
Rose loud and shrill the rebel yell.
Around the rocky hill's high crest
A lowering cloud of foemen rest;
A cloud whence fatal lightnings play,
In deadly flashes all the day,
The Southern army, clad in gray.

Long hours our Northmen strove in vain
That rocky citadel to gain;
Till the noon sun its hot rays shed
On hundreds wounded, dying, dead.
But hark! again, with rolling drum
And trumpet peal, the heroes come;
And curbing in his gallant gray
Brave Lyon leads them to the fray.
Right on the waiting foe they dash,
Full in their face the fires flash;
And musket shot and cannon breath,
Bore many a gallant boy his death.

But how can human language tell
The horrors of that seething hell!
Where men went down like harvest grain,
Before the beating leaden rain;
Where the green hills that circled round

Rocked and re-echoed with the sound;
Where the old flag, though rent and torn
By shot and shell, was forward borne,
And dyed with crimson's richest shade,
As oft before those folds displayed,
Still floated free above the din,
And beckoned men to die or win.
But all in vain the leader cries:
"Come on, my boys!" then reels and dies,
And down the hill with faltering feet,
They bore him in their sad retreat.

Say not the day was lost; 'twas won!
Against such odds such deeds were done
As crowned them victors, every one!

Oh brave, that on that battle hill
Sank down immortal graves to fill;

Of all your blood so freely shed,
No drop was lost, but proved instead
The seed that God's own hand had sown,
To bear a harvest of his own.
Rare seed, whose springing marked the day
That closed forever slavery's sway.
Whose growth today in promise waves
In living green above your graves;
And when the ripened grain shall stand
In full perfection through the land,
Above your peaceful rest shall rise,
Like holy incense to the skies,
The peans of a land set free;
The harvest home of liberty.

SHERMAN.

When mad rebellion raised its flag on high,
And treason's banner vexed the southern sky;
When smitten freedom stretched imploring hand
To all her sons to save her cherished land;
When through the North there flashed a patriot flame,
And fire of battle quenched the blush of shame;
How freely was then drawn thy ready blade,
Trained by the Nation, swift for the Nation's aid.
On bloody fields it led to victory forth
The blue coat heroes of the conquering north;
Knew no defeat, but still with gallant stroke,
Led ever onward through the battle smoke.
Forth from Atlanta, flashing bright and free,
Guided that march immortal to the sea;
When slavery met its righteous doom at last,
And freedom lingered where her host had passed,
Till peace showed brightly through the war cloud's rift
Above Savannah as thy Christmas gift.

Oh, war worn veteran, on thy natal day,
We weave fresh laurels for thy locks of gray.
We reach thee cordial hands, and wish thee joy
Which time cannot decrease or age destroy.
Rest on your honors, while with heart serene
Though years increase, thy age be ever green;
Rest on your laurels won, until for you
Heaven's reveille shall answer earth's tattoo.

A VALENTINE.

The verses entitled "Sherman," were published on the birthday of that Union General. The next day I received by mail a copy of a vitriolic speech delivered by a Confederate General, and particularly bitter against Sherman. As it was Valentine day, I answered as below:

I have read all your champion says for his cause,
And rejoice, that at length he can reverence the laws!
But alas for the bloodshed, and suffering sore,
Because he and his kind had not reverence before!
For the broad land is furrowed with graves of the slain,

Of the blue, and the gray, in forest and plain;
Where the flower of our boys, from North and the South,
Sleep the sleep that began at the red cannon's mouth.
And alas for the man, who with twenty years flown,
Has nothing to say but to whimper and groan;
And like a whipped schoolboy, in infantile miff,
Answers back to the years but a petulant "if."
"If" the Johnsons, or Jackson, or gallant old Lee,
Had been backed by two millions or more as needs be;
"If" those millions, each man had six breech-loading rifles,
A cannon or two and a few other trifles;
Who then could foretell how the ranks of their foes,
Would have melted away when the "Old South" uprose?
But alas that the "ifs," which trip all men in life,
Took so mighty a part in the terrible strife!

And the verdict pronounced, as the word of the Lord,
"Slavery struck the first blow, let it die by the sword."
Our orator, too, says naught of the flight,
Which the Nation has made, from the horrible night
Of bloodshed and ruin, to the light of high day
With liberty safe and slavery away.
With the fair Southland rid of the clanking of chains,
And the wild flowers hiding war's terrible stains.

* * * * * *

No, fair correspondent, whoever of worth,
Of bravery, or truth, that we meet on this earth,
Let us greet with kind feeling, forever and aye
Whether clothed in the blue, or the garments of gray.
Let us honor the men who were ready to die
For the cause that they loved, and too, let us try
Not the embers of hatred and strife to increase.
But live up to Grant's motto, and "Let us have peace."
Hard names cannot conquer the verdict we seek,

And harsh accusation but proves a cause weak!
Let us look to the future, and not to the past;
Behind let all hatred and envy be cast,
Confessing that all who took part in the fight,
Each believed in his heart that he fought for the right.
North and South join their hand-clasp above the grave sod,
Seek the future in peace, leave the past to our God.

AN ECHO OF GETTYSBURG.

It is their birthday, our own brave boys,
And back through the mist of the years
I can see them as first I saw them,
Though the vision is dimmed with tears,
I can see their little flossy heads
On the pillow, side by side,
And your face so pale and white, dear wife,
Yet filled with a holy pride.

Our boys, our own twin babies;
Ah, my heart is old and chill,
But the words send throbbing through it
The same old happiness still.
And as time sped swiftly onward;
I can see our boys again,
Each sharing with the other
In every joy and pain.

Till they grew to manhood's stature,
And their mother and I were old,
Not a word or a deed in all the years
That my love would leave untold;
Not a memory of all the years
But is tender, and honest, and true;
Not a bitter thought of all the days
While our boys to their manhood grew.

Then John, he was always the boldest,
Went away from the old roof-tree
To dig for gold; but Charlie stayed
On the dear old farm with me.
So the years rolled swiftly onward,
And the house rang with childish noise,
And our hearts grew young and blithe again
With our Charlie's girls and boys.

But at last on our sky a cloud arose,
Dark shadow of blood and strife,
When the cruel hand of civil war
Reached after the Nation's life,
And the call went out for soldiers,
And Charlie was first to go;
Leaving home, and wife, and children,
He hastened to meet the foe.

And we sent him away with our blessing,
And bade him a deep God speed;
For we would not withhold our dearest
From our land in her time of need.
But there came a day, Ah, the sudden fall
Which that day brought to our pride;
There came a letter to tell us
John fought on the other side!

We knew him too well to doubt that he
Served the cause he thought was right,
But we prayed, God knows how earnestly,
That our boys should not meet in the fight.
So the years dragged on in blood and tears,
Till Gettysburg's fearful day,
When the bravest and best of North and South
Met in the desperate fray.

Then when the battle was over,
And the list of the "missing" came,
Our hearts stood still with anguish,
For there was our Charlie's name;
I waited not for other news,
But drew strength from my despair
And hastened away to the battle-field,
To search for our lost one there.

Oh, the horror of that fearful search
Among the heaps of the slain,
Looking with heart half hope, half fear,
For a sight of my boy again.
Till at last, Ah the tears will flow again
At the thought of that fearful sight;
I had reached a little tangled wood,
Where had raged the deadliest fight.

All around me lay the lifeless forms,
Clad in the blue and the gray;
Poor faces, with lines of mortal strife
Stamped deep in the senseless clay.
I had looked the sad scene over,
And was turning to search elsewhere,
When I chanced on a little hollow,
Hid away from the sunlight's glare.

And then in an instant I knew it all,
Knew that my search was done,
And, like David over Absalom
I wept for my slaughtered son!
But ah! there is another form
Lying close to my Charlie's side,
And his dead hand holds a canteen up,
To my dead boy's lips applied.

It was clad in gray, this silent form,
And horror-struck I gazed on,
For, Oh, how can my poor tongue tell it.
This other one was John!
They had fallen there in that thicket,
Deadly wounded, side by side,
And the twins so long time parted,
With their hands clasped together died.

I carried them back to the dear old home,
And together we laid them away;
And sit by their side and think of them
On the morning of this, their day.
God tempers the storm to his wounded ones,
And he gives us as greatest of joys,
That when heaven's gate shall open for us,
He will give us back our boys.

Hand in hand, again they will meet us,
As many a time before,
When my work for the day was over
They have met me at the door.
See, wife, how the shadows lengthen;
'Tis not long till our day is done,
And into that home we shall enter,
Where our boys have before us gone.

TEAR DOWN THE WALL.*

Tear down the wall;
The days are past when these should rest apart;
The same flag waves above their graves,
And in the Nation's heart
Victor and vanquished, one and all,
Alike are shrined, tear down the wall.

*These verses were sent to United States Senator William Warner, who filed them with the Senatorial Committee having charge of his bill uniting the Union and Confederate Cemeteries in Springfield, Missouri.

Tear down the wall;
The bitter strife of four immortal years
Long since is past; and now at last
We give our love and tears
To each alike, our heroes all,
Our own brave boys; tear down the wall.

Tear down the wall;
And let them sleep as brothers side by side;
For where they stand in God's fair land
No strife shall e'er divide
Their loyal ranks, one army all,
Our hero dead; tear down the wall.

Tear down the wall;
And as the years sweep onward in their flow,
Strew them sweet flowers, these boys of ours,
And let their children know
Love was the victor, and these all
Love's hostages; tear down the wall.

CUBA LIBRA.

March, 1898.

We wait till the verdict is spoken,
Till the issue is left to the sword.
Till the Nation's long silence is broken,
And its voice is the voice of the Lord.

We wait till our chief speaks the order;
We wait till his summons is "Come!"
Then our answer from border to border
To music of trumpet and drum.

Oh Cuba, look up from thy weeping,
For swift o'er the bright southern wave,
The fleets of Columbia are sweeping,
The lives of thy children to save.

They come not for conquest or plunder;
They come not for tribute or gain;
They come, that our cannon may thunder
In righteous accounting with Spain.

They come that the star on your banner
Blaze free in its fair Southern skies;
That from mountain, and vale, and savannah,
Sweet Liberty's song may arise.

Rise then fairest isle from thy ashes;
Rise fairer than ever before;
Rise free as the ocean that dashes
Its unfettered waves on thy shore.

Again build each home and each altar,
By cowardly tyrant despoiled;
Thy sons in the strife did not falter,
They have won that for which they have toiled.

A SONG FOR OLD GLORY.

We call it "Old Glory," and love the fair fame
Which the long years have gathered around the brave name;
We boast that the blood which our forefathers shed,
Encrimsoned those stripes with their rich, ruddy red;
The red, that means love unselfish and strong,
Which led men to die in the fight against wrong.
Those white stripes, unstained as the new fallen snow,
Speak of honor and manhood and faith here below;
While the blue, where the galaxy sparkles so bright,
Means steadfast forever for God and the right;
And each star gleaming there in the name of a State,
Tells of honor for him who can labor and wait.

So we keep in our hearts the brave story of old
And the glorious deeds in our history told,
But what of OUR time? Tell us, what shall we say

That "Old Glory" means now, in our strenuous day?
It means, sound it forth in trumpet tones clear,
Till all men in all lands the glad message shall hear;
That the old flag still flies for right in the world,
For freedom and justice as when first unfurled.
That beneath those bright folds no traitor shall lurk
Undermining by stealth all the past's mighty work.
That no law-juggling trick shall throttle and kill
The statute that voices a free peoples' will;
And no man can beneath it pile riches so high
As to flout at the law, or its justice defy.
It means that if wrong for a time should prevail,
The right will not die, or the victory fail;
For beneath that old flag eighty million free men,
Swear that none shall make captive this dear land again;
No king's iron chain, such as bound us of old;
No bright home-made fetters, though fashioned of gold.

This land for which thousands have died on the field,
This land with its hope for the future revealed;
This land where we bid every wanderer come
And make for his children a name and a home.

Throw open the doors, fling our flag to the breeze,
Forever it flies for such high aims as these;
All rights for the lowly as well as the great;
One law for all men in the name of the State;
Free speech so the people debate what is done,
And free press to spread widely each victory won.

For these flaunts "Old Glory" its stars in the sky;
For these its bright colors gleam bravely on high;
So wither the hand that would strike at its fame;
So palsy the tongue that would tarnish its name;
So wave on old banner, till all men shall be
As free as "Old Glory," the flag of the free.

BILL PENDLETON'S COURTSHIP.

Yes, John, old pard, I'm married;
And I hardly know myself
How such a hard case as I have been
Come to lay his wild ways on the shelf
And settle down kind of sober;
And now, as the story's begun,
I'll try and tell you the best I can,
How it ever came to be done.

You see it was last October,
And time for our school to begin;
And the D'rectors was looking around
For a teacher they could put in.
But the school always was a hard 'un;
As you, John, I think ought to know,
For you was the ringleader of them boys,
Not so very long ago!

And the teachers all seemed to be skeered,
And afraid to apply for the place;
And the D'rectors was ready to give it up,
And shut up the house in disgrace.
Till one day a buggy stopped at our gate,
And a little woman came in,
And said to father, he's D'rector, you know;
"If you please, I should like to begin
Your school, and teach it this winter."
Well, the old man was took by surprise,
And told her the school was a bad 'un,
And if she would take his advice,
She would leave it alone;
But she just laughed,
And said, she wasn't afraid;
And so the wages was settled on
And the contract rightly made.

Next week she begun to teach the school,
And the young 'uns was meaner than ever,
And cut up their worst to provoke her;
But in spite of their utmost endeavor
She soon had the school in better shape
Than ever it was before,
Sence the winter we pitched old Perkins out
In the snow that was banked at the door!
Till one day I comes as a scholar;
Like a great big cowardly cuss,
For of course I wasn't for learning,
But just for to stir up a muss.
So I shuffled my feet, and whispered;
And threw apple cores at the rest;
And Bill McKnight, he set with me,
And we acted like two possessed.
Till all of a sudden, I tell you what!
I felt a grip close on my ear;

And a raw hide whip over my shoulders
In a fashion that made me feel queer!
'Twas the teacher! and shore's you live,
Though my hide is toler'ble tough,
It wasn't long before I felt
A'most ready to holler enough!
She polished me off in a hurry,
And then she went for McKnight;
And him, great big cowardly lubber,
I'll be dogged if he didn't show fight;
And hit her, he did,
With his doubled fist,
And would have done it agin,
But I couldn't help from taking a hand,
And the way he got licked was a sin!

Well nacherly that settled things,
And a quieter school, I'll bet,

There wasn't in all the kentry;
And what is better yet
I learned a heap that winter,
That isn't put down in the books,
Of the power of gentle hand shakes,
And the meaning of gentle looks.
As I said, I went all winter,
And for fear of that Bill McKnight,
Took the teacher to school every morning,
And walked with her home every night!
It was strange how the fear should haunt her,
Such a brave little woman as she;
But she 'lowed she was skeered the live long time,
Exceptin' when she were with me!
So at last, jest plumb out of pity,
I set the whole thing right
By marrying her; and now you bet
She isn't afraid of McKnight.

DEACON SMEET'S SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENT.

'Twas the old year's last night, and the clouds drifting low
Sifted thick on the village a draping of snow.
The trees tossed their arms in the merciless blast,
And dead leaves whirled away on each gust as it passed.
In a little brown house on a crooked back street,
Lived the old village cobbler, Jonathan Smeet;
A Deacon he was, in the church on the green,
And save in one point the best man ever seen.
One failing he had, the sad truth must be told,
The Deacon held firmly that Saint Paul of old,
Had left strictest word, several times in each day
Every soul in the land should "Moisten his clay!"
He urged that Saint Paul bade his Timothy drink,
And "No odds what the cranks or the Parson might think,
He felt none too good in these sinful last days,

To follow right on in good Timothy's ways."
So this wild winter's night went old Jonathan forth,
Though the cold blasts were sweeping straight out of
the North,
And wading the drifts to a neighboring inn,
He called at the bar for "A night-cap of gin."
Mine host made him welcome, and showed no surprise
At seeing him there, but instantly flies
To the back of the bar, for a glass of gin sling,
While the Deacon's lips smacked with an ominous ring;
"Ah, good neighbor Smeet," old Boniface cried,
"I couldn't, sir, tell you, however I tried,
Of the pleasure we have at the sight of your face,
Shedding good will on all, in this jolly old place."
So saying and doing he gave Smeet the gin,
And in less than a second the mixture was—in!
Said Smeet, "That's what Paul bade his Timothy take,
When he told him to drink for his bad stomach's sake."

So misquoting scripture to cover his sin,
He winked at the landlord to give him more gin.
Now it chanced, in the room was a Paddy named Tim,
And when Smeet spoke the name he supposed he meant him;
And with whisky thick brogue cried: "Whisht now, what's that same?
Ould Dakin, your makin' too free wid me name!
Did ye mane, ye ould raskil, to say that Saint Paul
Was sthill livin' to bid me to drink gin at all?
And what did ye mane whin the mintion ye make,
That he tould me to dhrink for me bad stomach ache!
Sure its years long agone, when a wee bit spalpane
Since the colic I've had, if its that that ye mane;
And though I love whisky the same as me sowl,
Sure I niver dhrink gin; its a lie that ye've tould!"

In vain tried the Deacon his words to explain;
Tim was just drunk enough his stand to maintain;
"Och, sorrow a bit can ye sthay in the room,
Ye're a shlanderin', murderin', lying gossoon!
'Tis mesilf ye insoolt, and Tim Casey's me name,
And I'll baste your old bones now, for saying that same!"
And in the same breath that the threat had been made,
Tim's chastising fist on the Deacon was laid.
Full swift sped old Smeet to the quick opened door,
And as he went through Tim's foot helped him the more!

Full sore were his bones, when he reached home at last,
And sat by the fire, with his door bolted fast,
Lest the Irishman even should follow him there
And seek, in his wrath, their accounts to make square.
He groaned, as his eye slowly closed from a blow;

And he said to himself: "Well, there's one thing I know;
Though I live old as Adam, I'm free to maintain,
I'll never quote Paul to back drinking again!"

A TEUTONIC TRAGEDY.

Mine frau she jines der tempranzers!
You tinks I likes dot? Nix!
Der vorld vas full mit troubles,
Und I gets me of one fix;
I buys one keg of Budweiser,
And of mine cellar in
I buries dot, already deep
Of dot potato bin.

Und when mine Frau she goes avay
I goes dot cellar down;
Und ven mine Frau comes home again,
I tinks I owns dot town!
Now I vas shust von leetle man,
Mine Frau she schlaps me round
Mit hands like sugar cured hams;
She weighs tree hundred pound!

So when she takes me of mine ear,
Down of dot cellar in,
She makes me dig dot keg of beer
Of dot potato bin!
She makes me knock dot bung hole out,
Der beer vas on der floor!
She tells me what will happen me
If I drinks dot some more!

Yah, mine Frau she jines der tempranzers;
You tinks I likes dot? Nix!
I vish I vas grow big enough
Dot Frau of mine I licks!
But all von leetle man can do,
Is mit der door to schlamm!
I tinks I goes me mit der barn
Und schwears me von big Damn!

MR. KAISER'S DREAM.

Mine friend, Hans Schneider, says to me:
"Say, Kaiser, vot you think?
Der tempranzers dey makes von law
No feller cannot drink,
Dot vine, or beer, or viskey yet,
Of dot Missouri out!
No matter if he schrivells oop
Und dies him mit der droutt!"

Und when Hans Schneider tells me dot,
I veeps mit him some tears;
Und we goes down of dot saloon
Und drinks two dozen beers !
Und when dot beer it flies me oop,
Und schwells me of der head,
I walks me zig-zag of der street,
Und goes me home to bed.

Und ven I schleeps I dreams von dream;
Ach Himmel, dot vas fine !
I tinks I has von tank of beer,
Und all of dot vas mine !
Down of mine cellar vas dot tank,
I neffer vas so tickled;
I tink I gets me of dot tank
Und schwims till I was pickled !

Den of mine head vas something comes,
Dot hits me mit a crash;
Der beer was all sphilled everywhere,
Der tank was gone to smash!
I thinks I see ten thousand stars,
Und one explosion roar;
Und then I vakes me vide avake
Und I vas on der floor!

Und of der bed mine Frau vas sit;
Und schlapped me mit der ear!
Und says: "I told you what I do
If you drinks any beer!
Und now, you drunken Deutcherman,
Schleep mit der oder room,
Und if you dream and yell some more
I schlog you mit der broom!"

Gross blitzen ! but dot bed vas cold!
Yoost like von bank mit snow !
Goose pimples, big, like hickory nuts,
All over me vas grow !
Und when I thinks me of mine beer,
Und how dot tank vas bust,
I pulls dose bedclothes mit mine ears
Und yoost lies dere and cussed !
Und ven I gets mine second vind,
I schwears me den some more !
I vas so full mit schwear words
Dot mine ribs dey vas got sore !

SOUTHWESTERN HOST.

"Want to git to stay, do ye?
Well, I reckon, jist light,
We kin fix it up some way
To keep ye one night,
Ef you can make out with our fare;
Ef ye'r tired I 'low ye won't care."

"You John, come along now;
Turn this horse in the lot;
Don't give him no water
Awhiles he's so hot.
Jist a tie of blade fodder and oats.
Mind now, shet the gate on them shoats."

"Yes, sir; it's frosty tonight,
And this fire feels right;
Beats a stove, that it do;
A heap better'n a flue.
Kind you fellers favors in town;
Don't blaze up like *that*, I'll be boun'!"

"Come now, supper is ready,
Jist pull up thet cheer;
We don't hev no style
And I hope ye don't keer;
Help yerself now, ye set handy by,
Ye'll find something to eat ef ye try."

"These molasses is new
But they tastes pretty good;
Take some spare rib and sassidge,
I sure wish ye would;
And a piece of this sweet tater pie,
Ye'll wish that ye had bime'by."

"Well its gittin' right late,
And the old woman said,
When ye want to fly up
Why that there is the bed;
And I 'low to git out afore day,
Ye know thet's an old farmer's way."

THE FIDDLES IN MEETING.

Among New Hampshire mountains stands
The quaint old town of Dean;
And perched upon its highest hill,
A church may still be seen.

'Twas in this ancient meeting house,
Some forty years ago,
That strife arose, upon that theme
Which all wise people know
Has ever been the cause of woe
In every church on earth;
And to the unregenerate
A source of godless mirth.
The leader of the singing died;
Some one must fill his place;
And half the singers in the town
Were entered in the race!
Around each one a little clique
Full quickly took their places,
Ready, if ever chance should show,
To scratch each others faces!
In vain the Parson preached and prayed,
And talked of Christian love,

The clamor of the strife rose high,
All other note above;
Till at length the village blacksmith,
And Eldad Meeks, the 'Squire,
Offered to take their violins
And lead the ancient choir.
The minister was elated,
And every one wished to hear
The fiddles, but Deacon Vinegar,
Who declared that "It was queer
'Ef he had lived his sixty years
To countenance sech sin!
And he sot his face like a flint, he did,
Agin lettin' them fiddles in!"
Now Deacon Vinegar, be it known,
Was the rich man of the flock;
Who knew his way was the only way,
And as firm as a Plymouth rock!

And when 'twas known the Deacon
Opposed the innovation,
The news spread fast, and everywhere
Created consternation.

There came a knock at the parsonage door,
As of some one mightily vexed,
And the Parson, up in his study, heard,
And stopped his pen in the midst of a word,
And listened to hear what next.

Then into the hall below there came
A step that was solemn and slow;
And the Parson said with a look, half frown,
"There is only one such step in the town,
Deacon Vinegar, I know."

Then again on the study door there fell
That ponderous ringing rap;
And the Parson hurried with might and main,
To open the door, lest that knock again
Should sound like a thunder clap!

It was Deacon Vinegar standing there,
Sour, and tall, and thin,
With a dolorous voice, and a visage sad,
And a spark in his eye that said he was mad!
And a look that to laugh was sin!

"Mornin' Parson," he gruffly said,
"'Twill hardly bear repeating,
But folks tell me, that you too, say,
That when you preach on the next Lord's day
There'll be fiddlin' in the meeting!"

But ere the Parson could make reply,
Or ever the Deacon was done;
There came another knock on the door,
A softer, gentler rap than before,
As if hurry there was none.

Then up to the stair and in at the door,
Another Deacon came,
A little jolly rubicund man,
In whose veins no drop of bitterness ran,
Deacon Sacharine, by name.

"Good mornin', Parson," he said, "and why!
If Brother Vinegar isn't here!
I'm glad of that, for I hope to find
That we are all of us of one mind,
As regards our musical cheer."

Deacon Vinegar hastened to make reply,
Without heeding the other's greeting,
That, "As for his mind, he thought it a sin
For one even to look at a violin,
Let alone to play it in meeting!

"He had come that morning as soon as he could,
To have a stop put to these doin's;
For ef fiddles was once let into the church
Good morals and all would be left in the lurch,
And the whole consarn fall into ruins!"

"But my dear Brother," Sacharine said,
"Playing fiddles in church is no new thing,
And many a time does the dear old book
Say the ten stringed instrument they took
When they would praise God and sing."

"Yes, yes Deacon Sacharine, very well:
But though you look for it o'er and o'er,
It was something with ten strings, we are told
They played in the temple in days of old,
And your fiddles have only got four!"

"Just so, my brother," Sacharine cried,
And he winked at the Parson then;
"But we will have two fiddles playing,
Eight strings in all, and as you was saying
We've Bible warrant for ten!"

Deacon Vinegar answered never a word,
But thoughtfully scratched his head;
And Sacharine saw that he had him fast,
And hastened to speak, while the truce should last,
And so he quietly said:

"Suppose, my brother, that for one day
We let the fiddles come in;
And if on trial the music is found,
In any manner to be unsound,
We can end where we begin."

It was long before Deacon Sacharine,
With all of the Parson's aid,
Could get Deacon Vinegar to say,
That with his consent, for a single day,
The fiddles in meeting be played.

A country Sabbath had dawned at last,
And the groups of young folks hurrying past,
Had but one theme on their tongues that day:
"The fiddles in church are going to play."
The Minister rose, and the opening prayer
Fell on the quiet summer air;

He read the hymn; an expectant hum
Told that at last the hour had come.
A wild note or two from the fiddles first,
Then forth in the grand old tune they burst!
'Twas "Coronation," and every tongue
In the quaint old room unloosed and sung!
Yes, every tongue! E'en from the back seat
Rose a high, cracked tenor, not overly sweet;
Where, with head thrown back, with might and main
Deacon Vinegar joined in the loud refrain!

"Parson, I give it up," he said,
As he grasped the Pastor's hand at the door;
"When them fiddles played, it almost seemed
That I heard the songs of the saints redeemed!
I can fight sech music no more!"

* * * * * *

The years have come and the years have gone;
And the Parson's work on earth is done;
The Deacons have laid them down to rest,
No longer by mortal cares oppressed;
And the 'Squire and the blacksmith, as we are told,
Have exchanged their fiddles for harps of gold.

The old church crowns the hill as before;
And the young folks throng the open door.
But where the fiddles once were played,
Stands, all glitter and gilt, an organ's facade.
And with many a modern quaver and trill,
The choir leads the singing still.
It is said the music ranks first rate,
And preacher and all are up to date;

But once in a while, I've heard it said,
Some wise old graybeard wags his head

And says: "You think it's mighty fine
With an organ to roar, and squeal and whine!
But you can't tell me! for I was here

When them fiddles played! and it's mighty queer
Ef I don't know what I'm talkin' about,
When I say, that beyond an airthly doubt,
The sweetest tunes, in the sweetest way,
Was the tunes them fiddles used to play!"

UNCLE ISAAC'S PHILOSOPHY.

Ef I take what is his'n,
They send me to prison;
I'm a thief then, that's clear.
But ef he takes what is mine,
By some trick in his line,
He's a "great financier!"
That's queer!

SIX LTTLE STATES IN A CORNER.

Written for the first banquet of the New England Society, Joplin, Missouri.

God made a land, a wondrous land,
Of all on earth most fair;
He blessed it with a lavish hand,
And girt it with His care;
He buttressed it with lofty peaks
In snow-capped ranges rolled,
The world's exhaustless treasure house
Of silver and of gold.
He channeled it with mighty streams
Flowing through valleys broad;
He made of it a paradise,
The garden of the Lord;
He spread the fertile prairies
Like moveless inland sea;
He crowned the hills and valleys

With forests waving free;
Three thousand miles in latitude
He stretched its vast estate,
From old Atlantic's rocky coast,
To the far Golden Gate;
Two thousand from the saltless seas
That beat its Northern shore,
South, where the waters of the gulf
Their ceaseless surges pour.
And when His work all finished
In matchless beauty stood,
He cast His love about it,
And called it very good.

Full slowly passed the ages;
The centuries from His hand
Sifted in ceaseless sequence
Like grains of falling sand.

The Spring came, and the Summer,
  Autumn, and Winter's cold;
And still the great land slumbered on,
  And still the calm years rolled;
While wild beasts roved the wilderness,
  Or sought their rocky den,
Or met in savage conflict
  With still more savage men.

But the morning was approaching,
  And one gray December day,
A little storm-tossed vessel gained
  A sheltered rocky bay.
Battered and worn the Mayflower
  From her struggle with the sea,
But the ark of God's own covenant
  In very deed was she.
For not for gold or glory

She sought that desert shore,
That band of rare immortals
A holier purpose bore;
Long years of persecution
Had burned their dross away,
Before they launched their lonely ship
Upon the billows gray.
They counted not their own lives dear,
They challenged death and pain;
They gathered wives and little ones,
And dared the stormy main,
That they might raise an altar
To Freedom's God, and then
They builded in the wilderness
A home for God's free men!
But e'er their eager feet had pressed upon that rocky shore;
They wrote and signed that "Compact," immortal evermore!

Germ of the peoples' government for all the coming ages,
The Magna Charter of mankind blazed on its humble pages!
Three hundred years of stress and storm has it withstood each shock,
And the corner stone of liberty is still old Plymouth rock!

In spite of sickness, pain, and death;
In spite of savage foes,
They made that stony desert land
To blossom as the rose;
They trailed the pathless woodlands;
They hewed the forests down,
And planted in the wilderness
The hamlet and the town;
They taught the idle waters

To turn the busy mill;
Their church spires pointed heavenward
From every rocky hill,
And wheresoe'er their busy hands
Set up their earnest rule,
They planted, in their poverty,
The college and the school.
And the God they honored blessed them,
Till circling years gave birth
To the first Nation of free men
Among the sons of earth.

So years sped on, and brought a day
To test their sons again;
When English yoke too heavy grew
For necks of free born men!
When a king, old and besotted,
Reached forth an iron hand

To rob the people of their rights,
And vex the growing land.
Then spoke the sons of the Pilgrims:
"Our fathers crossed the sea,
That we and our children's children
Forever should be free;
We have borne our wrongs with patience,
But patience ends at last,
And we fling a new flag to the breeze,
And nail it to the mast;
By every pain our fathers' bore,
By every honored grave,
We will guard the rights their labor won
And trust their God to save."
Then Adams, Hancock, and Otis,
Warren, Putnam and Stark,
Let in the field or the forum,
And left on the ages their mark.

And Lexington, and Concord,
Bennington, Bunker Hill,
Gave bloody proof, New England men
Could guard their liberty still!
And the deathless "Declaration"
Rang over land and sea,
God's message to the tyrant:
"Set ye my people free !"
And at last the conflict ended,
And Columbia spread her sails
Upon a vast and unknown sea,
Swept on by favoring gales.

Then grew the foul tree of Slavery;
And ever its fruitage spread
In hatred between brothers,
Until the black harvest led
To the tragedy of the ages,

Those years of civil strife,
When mad hands of the Nation's children
Struck hard at their mother's life!
And ever staunch old New England,
As in the days of yore,
Stood in the line of battle,
And the brunt of the conflict bore.
And when the horror ended,
And peace came back to the land,
None swifter than old New England
To reach a fraternal hand;
None quicker to say to the Southland:
"Let us be brothers once more;
Forgetting the things that are behind,
And reaching to those before."

Foemen? No! Brethren forever!
For all of our enmity died,

When our boys marched together in battle,
For liberty side by side!
We weep for our dead together;
We honor their memory still;
And forever and still forever,
Our hearts beat in true good will.

So blessings on dear old New England,
Holding her place today,
Following our gallant statesmen
As they lead the strenuous way,
In another fight for freedom,
This time from fetters of gold!
The same old fight in another light,
That the fathers won of old.

Six little states in a corner,
And, the truth can do no harm,

Not enough soil in the six of 'em
To furnish one prairie farm!
Just six little states in a corner;
But search the world's history, and then
You will find, that short on corn and pork
They've a way of raising men!

Statesmen, preachers, and soldiers,
Fighters they one and all!
Teachers, and artists, and poets,
Never their story shall pall!
And if any seek the highest
On the world's great roll of fame;
Whether the seeker will or no,
He speaks a New England name!

* * * * * *

So God bless old Mother New England;
God keep her face to the light;
God make her sons to be worthy
Of bearing her name in the fight.

So shall her history's pages
In future glow as the past;
So shall her course through the ages
In glory and honor be cast.
So from the harvest the fathers sowed,
The hands of the sons shall reap,
And the rights which the fathers' valor won,
The swords of the sons shall keep.

MATCHLESS MISSOURI.

A Missouri State Song.

For the sun kissed plateaus of the Ozarks,
Full crowned with the oak and the pine;
The hills sloping down to the valleys,
Purple hung with the fruit of the vine;
For broad rivers that sweep to the ocean;
The prairies spread out like the sea;
For these, oh our matchless Missouri,
Forever our hearts are with thee.

For thy homes on the hill side and prairie;
The cities that climb to the sky,
The marts of thy wonderful commerce,
Full handed the world to supply;
For the far waving gold of the harvests;
The corn banners fluttering free;
For these, oh our matchless Missouri,
Forever our hearts are with thee.

For thy doors which have ever swung outward
With a welcome to all who have come,
To share in thy wonderful bounty,
And win for their children a home;
For the prizes that crown honest labor;
The ballot untainted and free;
For these, oh our matchless Missouri,
Forever our hearts are with thee.

For thy sons who went forth to do battle
In the causes each loved as his life;
For hands clasped in friendship together
When ended the fierce years of strife;
For the rainbow that arches the future;
The fruitage the glad years shall see;
For these, oh our matchless Missouri,
Forever our hearts are with thee.

SALLIE SMALLWOOD'S TRIP TO TOWN.

Me and Pap and Mam and Bud, we'se done been to town;
Pap went arter bar'l salt, and Mam a cal'ker gown.
Fust off Pap 'lowed Bud and me better stay to home,
Tell Mam, she jist tuk up fer us, and then you bet we come!

So Bud he driv the oxens up and yoked in Broad and Berry,
And Pap he forded Big North Fork fernent Jim Larkins' ferry;
Mam she got her coat tail wet, water were so deep,
Pap should hev driv the upper ford, its shallerer thar a heap.

Up in Williams' Holler nigh front linch pin bust,
Wheel run off, and down we come! Lawsy how Pap cussed!
Pullin' up of Finley hill cattle nigh give out,
Skeered pap pow'ful that did, kase he 'lowed they mought.

Wal we got to town at last; sech another place!
Fust I 'lowed that all the folks was runnin' of a race!

Hyar they went, and thar they went, and the dog-
gondest clatter,
Skeered me pow'ful till I seen as nothin' warnt the
matter.

So Pap he brought his barr'l of salt, and Mam she
got her gown,
And me and Pap and Mam and Bud sot out to see the
town.
We seen the electric hoss keers a slidin' on a wire,
And ev'ry time them wheels went round they shot a
streak of fire!

We seen the steam keers smokin', and I reckin
shore's you born,
That snortin' engine thing could haul a hundred bar'l
of corn!
We seen a box nailed on the wall, and a feller talkin'
in it,
To 'nuther feller ten mile off! Didn't fool me ary
minute!

Then Pap he got some whiskey, and him and Bud they said
They 'lowed to show them city dudes how Taney paints things red!
Took all Mam's ginsang money to pay the old man's fine;
And 'gainst I had Bud clar of it, it took plumb all of mine!

Quarter 'bove whar Cowskin jines with Puncheon creek,
Thar's a bit of bottom land, as lays as flat and slick;
Thar's nary rock upon it, and it grows the masterest corn
That anybody ever seen sence ever they was born.

Up in the fur corner thar's a cabin stands,
Pap built it forty year ago, when these was gov-'ment lands.

Stranger, I'll bet ten coon skins, and plank the peltry down,
I wouldn't give that cabin thar, fer ary house in town!

THE ORIGIN OF INTEMPERANCE.

In those ages long past, when Beelzebub fell
From the mansions of peace to the dungeons of hell,
He gathered together his sattelite band,
And bade them around him in order to stand.
Then he asked each in turn, if he knew of some plan
That would certainly work out the ruin of man;
Some way that should be so enticing and plain,
It should people with souls his infernal domain?
Then an imp at his side laughed aloud in his glee:
"I know of a plan that will ruin," quoth he;
And he told how the hunger and lust after gold
Was the price at which many a man would be sold.

"Just hold up before them the gold for a lure,
And to people your realm with souls you are sure!"
But Satan shook sadly his rugged old head,
"Go and try, but that's slow; something swifter," he said;
The next one suggested that malice and pride,
Foul slander and hatred, at least should be tried;
And as each crime he named, with horrible mirth
A foul fiend sped away to spread it on earth.
Then murder and perjury, arson and theft,
Each one had its champion, until there was left
In that awful abode of its thousands but one,
The fiend foulest of all, and the Devil alone.
Then Satan asked him why he had not spoken
And given some plan as his loyalty's token?
And the fiend made reply: "Just wait till the rest
Have each had their way put most fully to test;
And then if they fail, I will tell you my plan
To work out most fully the ruin of man."

Then by scores and by hundreds there flocked to the gate
Of that horrible place, those whose terrible fate
It had been to fall victims to some artful wile
Of the demons already sent, man to beguile.
Still Satan was gloomy, for though here were some,
He longed that where tens had come thousands should come.
So he called to his side the fiend who had stayed
When the others their journey to earth-land had made,
And conjured him strongly no longer to wait,
But his plans for man's ruin most fully to state.
And then the fiend smiled, such a grin of delight
That the Devil himself shrank back in afright;
"I knew they would fail!" he exultantly cried,
"But I felt I could wait till they each one had tried;
Here then is my charm, in this bottle I hold;
For a drop of its liquid will myriads be sold.

Here murder, and hate, and each evil that's done,
By my devilish art is distilled into one!
Just let me try my plan for only one year
And I'll send you down thousands for tens that are here!"
"Away with you then," Satan cried in his joy,
"Such a glorious plan will be sure to destroy."

Full swift sped the year which the fiend had engaged,
And fearful indeed was the warfare he waged.
He came to the hearthstone, it deadened its light;
Childhood's eyes dimmed with tears, that anon were so bright;
And the home, that but now was with happiness rife,
Now echoed the sobs of the heart-broken wife.
The sword of the hero he covered with rust;
He touched poets' laurels, they withered to dust;
No matter how gifted, no matter how brave,

The man who once yielded, from thence was a slave.
He even found men, so base that for gold
They would aid him in spreading his ruin untold;
And day after day, oh sorrow to tell,
His victims by thousands, thronged down into hell!

Oh, God! show us all that now in our day,
Rages fiercely as ever the terrible fray.
Each day all around us we see victims fall;
Each day on our ears strikes our brothers' loud call,
Asking rescue from us; and shall we fail to give
Such aid as we may that our brothers may live?
Let us rise then, and drive out this fiend from our land;
Let us reach to the fallen a strong helping hand;
Let us march, with our temperance banners unfurled
Till our flag waves triumphant all over the world.
Till the day star of victory in heaven shall burn,
A beacon light bidding the wanderer return.

Till we reach in God's time, that temple above,
And enter its doors on the password of love.

THE STORY OF A YEAR.

The wintry wind swept cold and damp
Along the city street;
While the belated travelers there
Sped home with hasty feet;
When from out a darkened doorway,
Came there forth a little child;
Soft brown hair all tossed and tangled,
Hunger haunted eyes, and wild.
Little feet all naked, marking
Blood upon the pavement cold;
And when questioned of her errand,
This is the tale she told.

Only one swift brief year ago
That father was kind and true;
The old world held no happier home
Than that his children knew.
Honestly toiling day by day,
Winning his dear ones bread;
Looking with steadfast earnest heart
To the better times ahead.
Till, like the serpent in Paradise,
The tempter entered there;
Came in the mask of fellowship,
Bade him but ease his care.
Just for the sake of an old time friend,
Take but a single glass;
A fault so slight, if fault it be,
E'en for a virtue should pass.

So he drained the glass, "for friendship's sake,"
And by it his manhood fell!
Only one glass! But it kindled there
The very flames of hell.
Quickly the joys of his life were gone,
Lost in the maddening cup;
Till he sunk so low in shame and sin
His eyes scarce dare look up.

Enter that home, but now so full
Of peace and sweet content;
See in the eyes of that heart-sick wife
Horror and anguish blent.
List to the voice of his children
Waiting his coming there;
Even their childish prattle rings
With the accents of despair.
See him reel home from the dramshop door,

Maudlin and crazed with drink;
Last year his children would greet him,
Now from his sight they shrink.
Last year his step was unshaken,
Feeble and weak now it drags;
Clothed then, and in his right mind,
An idiot now in his rags.

Last year the fire-light dancing
On window, and wall, and floor,
Seemed fairy fingers to beckon
Him in at the open door.
Now the house is all darkness,
Nor fire nor light greet him there,
Gloomy and cold the door opens,
Like the portals of despair.
Then his wife met him with laughter,
Now she meets him with tears;

And her footstep, then springing and eager.
Is heavy as laden with years.
Then his lips spoke the old love names;
Now but a curse they bestow;
And the hand that then dealt in caresses,
Is the same that now deals but a blow!

Ah, do you say this is fancy?
Think you 'tis painted too dark?
Nay; for the trail of the serpent
Even the blind may mark.
Nay! for in truth, all around you
Ever such lost ones roam;
And close to your own loved fireside,
Is the wreck of many a home!
See what you may on the surface,
Then think of the pain in the heart;
And own that no word ever spoken

Can paint e'en the lightest part.
Who hath done this? Do you question?
What did they gain by his fall?
'Twas the seller of drink that enticed him,
He gained—a soul's ruin, that's all!

Some amass riches by toiling,
But work is below his ambition;
Not by such vulgar ways as these,
Improves he his condition!
Some gain them wealth as merchants,
Trading to distant lands;
But none of these wages of commerce
Ever have soiled his hands;
He is of those we daily see;
Strong in their monied name;
Who gain their wealth by selling souls
To infamy and shame!

There is your wholesale dealer,
Leader in church and in state;
Tells with a holy horror too,
Of the "drunkard's self-earned fate!"
See what a fine scorn settles down
Over his haughty features,
When he passes on the crowded street,
"One of those drunken creatures!"
Surely the man is unspotted
By aught that's degrading or mean;
Sure such a man when he dies,
Leaves here a memory green!
See him head the subscription list,
When on charity intent,
And take, to pay that subscription,
His victim's every cent!

Men with human hearts within you,
Call you such a man your friend!
Do you hide your thoughts in silence
Fearing lest your words offend?
Let him then still be offended!
Right for aye offends the wrong!
And though his blessing weakens you,
His curse will make you strong!

Ye, who by Christ's dear name are called,
There is work for you to do;
Else will the blood of His little ones
Call vengeance down on you!
There are homes like this one, desolate;
There are souls like this, nigh lost;
There are men like this to reach and raise,
And save at any cost.

Sad voices, out of whose cadence
All echo of hope has fled;
Eyes that are sunken with hunger,
Dim with the tears they've shed,
Plead with us each today,
For rescue, for comfort, for aid;
Let us help them, and look for reward
To the promise that Christ has made:
"For inasmuch as ye do this,
For the least of my brethren ye see;
Heaven shall open to greet you,
You have done it unto me!"

INDEX.

	Page.
The Creed of Hope,	9
As Unto Him,	10
Home-Coming,	12
The Old Grave Yard,	14
Whittier,	17
Via Crusis,	20
Life,	22
Sometime,	23
A Prayer for the Times,	24
The Islands of the Blest,	26
A Song of Hope,	28
Words and Deeds,	29
Hymn for Laying of the Corner Stone,	30
Geology,	31
An Easter Prayer,	32
Via Dolorosa,	33
The Death of the Year,	35
Sunset,	37
Midnight,	39
Sunrise,	40
The Rain Storm,	44
October on the James,	47
The Song of Water,	49
Virgin Bluff,	52
The Red Bird,	54
The Rainy Day,	56

The Ozark Hills, ... 59
Ours, ... 61
Sweethearts Evermore, ... 62
Brown Eyes, ... 64
Magdalene, ... 65
A Christmas Motto, ... 66
The Nation's Saviors, ... 67
Our Boys, ... 70
Together, ... 72
The Cannon on Drury College Campus, . . . 74
The Battle of Wilson Creek, ... 77
Sherman, ... 81
A Valentine, ... 82
An Echo of Gettysburg, ... 85
Tear Down the Wall, ... 92
Cuba Libra, ... 94
A Song for Old Glory, ... 96
Bill Pendleton's Courtship, ... 99
Deacon Smeet's Scriptural Argument, . . 104
A Teutonic Tragedy, ... 108
Mr. Kaiser's Dream, ... 110
Southwestern Host, ... 113
The Fiddles in Meeting, ... 115
Uncle Isaac's Philosophy, ... 126
Six Little States in a Corner, ... 127
Matchless Missouri, ... 138
Sallie Smallwood's Trip to Town, . . . 140
The Origin of Intemperance, ... 144
The Story of a Year, ... 149

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